

The Washington Times Magazine Page

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

When a Girl Marries

By Ann Lisle.

Follow This Great Serial Here, Then Watch
for It in Motion Pictures Personally
Directed by Albert Capellani

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the MacMillan Co., has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Production and will be released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

By Winston Churchill,
Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.
"I'm going West—home," he said, and the word sounded odd.

"At this season? But there is nobody in church, at least only a few, and Mr. McCrae can take care of those who always do. He likes it."

Hodder smiled in spite of himself. He might have told her that outside the church were those who had small confidence in being able to bring them in.

"I have been away too long, I am getting spoiled," he replied, with an attempt at lightness. He forced his eyes to meet hers, and she read in them an unalterable resolution.

"It is my opinion you are too conscientious, even for a clergyman," she said, and now it was her lightness that hurt. She protested no more. And as she led the way homeward through the narrow forest path, her head erect, still maintaining this lighter tone, he wondered how deeply she had read him; how far her intuition had carried her below the surface; whether she guessed the presence of that stifled feeling in him which was crying feebly for life; whether it was that she had discovered, or something else, he must give it the chance it craved. He must get away—he must think. To surrender now would mean destruction.

Early the next morning, as he left the pier in motor boat, he saw a pink scarf waving high above him from the loggia. And he flung up his hand in return. Mingled with a faint sense of freedom was intense sadness.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE LIFE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.
From the vantage point of his room in the parish house Hodder reviewed the situation. And despite the desires thronging after him in his flight he had the feeling of one who, in the dark, has been very near to annihilation.

What had shaken him most was the revelation of an old enemy which, watching its chance, had beset him at the first opportunity; and at a time when the scheme of life, which he had fostered himself to have solved forever, was threatening once more to resolve itself into fragments. He had, as if by a miracle, escaped destruction in some insidious form.

He shrank instinctively from an analysis of the woman in regard to whom his feelings were so complicated, and yet by no means lacking in tenderness. But as time went on he recognized more and more that she had come into his life at a moment when he was peculiarly vulnerable. She had taken him off his guard.

That the brilliant Mrs. Larrabee should have desired him—or what she believed was him—was food

enough for thought, was an indication of an idealism in her nature that he would not have suspected. From a worldly point of view the marriage would have commended itself to none of her friends. Yet Hodder perceived clearly that he could not have given her what she desired, since the marriage would have killed it in him. She offered him the other thing.

Once again he had managed somehow to cling to his dream of what the relationship between man and woman should be, and he saw more and more distinctly that he had coveted not only the jewel, but its setting. He could not see her out of it—she faded. Nor could he see himself in it.

Luxury, of course, that was what he had spurned. Luxury in contrast to Dalton street, to the whirling factories near the church which discharged, at nightfall, their quotas of wan women and stunted children. And yet here he was catering to luxury, providing religion for it. Religion!

Early in November he heard that Mrs. Larrabee had suddenly decided to go abroad without returning home.

That winter Hodder might have been likened to a Niagara for energy; an unharmed Niagara—such would have been his own opinion. He seemed to turn no wheels, or only a few, at least, and feebly.

And while the spectacle of their rector's zeal was no doubt an edifying one to his parishioners, they gave him to understand that they would have been satisfied with less. They admired, but chided him gently; and in February Mr. Parr offered him the Florida.

He was tired, and it was largely because he dreaded the reflection inevitable in a period of rest that he refused.

And through-out these months the feeling, recurrent, with increased strength, that McCrae was still watching him—the notion persisted that his assistant held to a theory of his own, if he could be induced to reveal it, the point of losing patience with this enigmatic person.

STILL DISSATISFIED.
Congratulations on the fact that his congregation was increasing brought him little comfort, since a cold analysis of the newcomers who were renouncing pews was in itself an indication of the lack of that thing he so vainly sought.

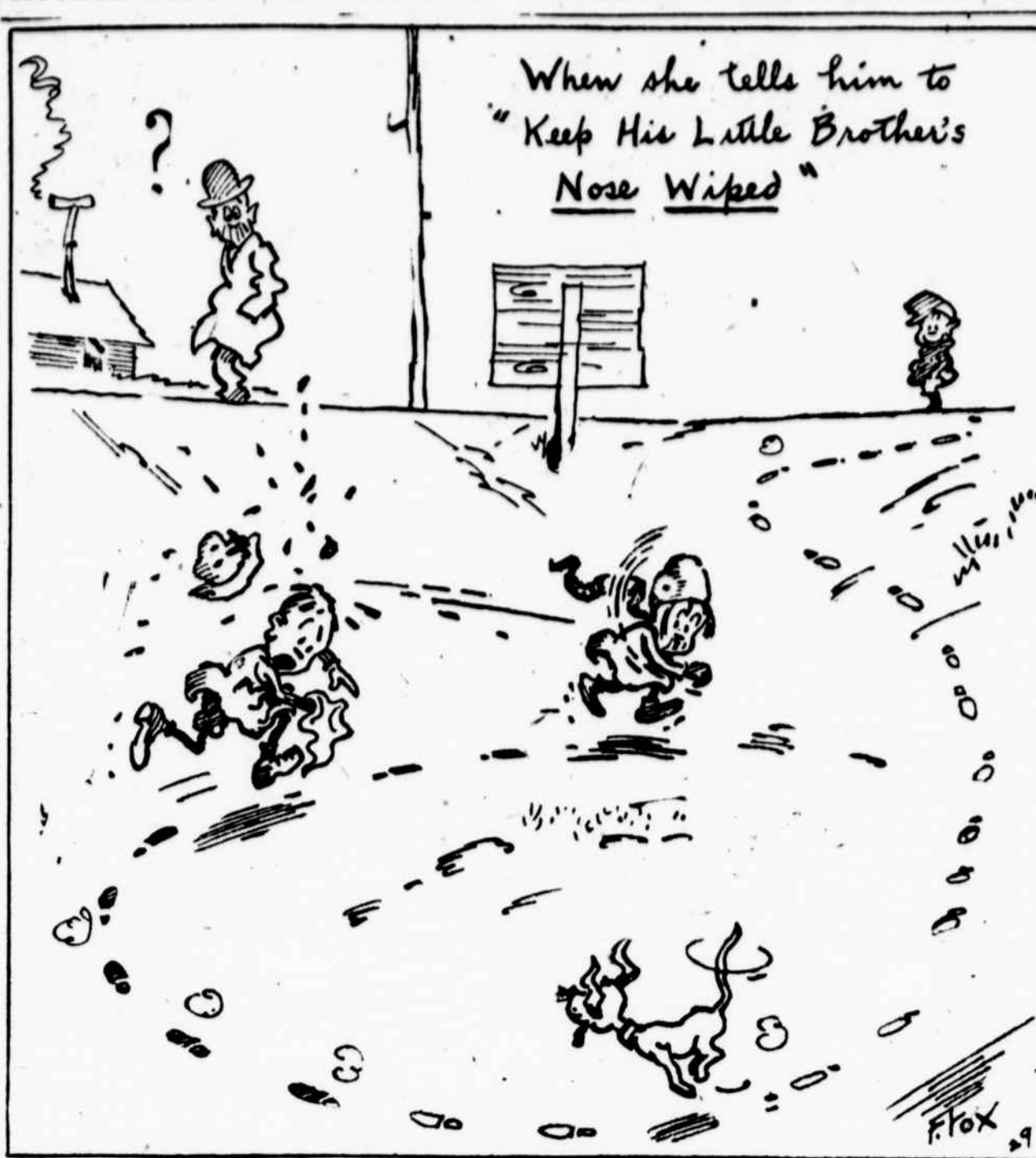
The decorous families who were now allying themselves with St. John's did so at the expense of other churches, either more radical or less fashionable. What was it he sought? What did he wish? To fill the church to overflowing with rich, and to enter into the lives of all. Yet at a certain point he met a resistance that was no less firm because it was baffling.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

This Day in History.

This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1835, of Mark Twain, foremost American humorist, and the author of the classic "Huckleberry Finn" and other inimitable stories. He was universally beloved. He died in 1910.

MOTHER HARDLY REALIZES WHAT A LARGE JOB SHE HANDS JIMMY—



IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

WHERE WOULD SHE AND DOG AND CAT BE?

In answer to A. C. S., who wrote to you saying "Dogs are Cheaper Than Children."

Just suppose mothers who gave their children to Uncle Sam during the war said what you are saying. Where would you and your dog and cat be?

It hurts us (when I say I speak for every man in the A. R. P.) deeply to think that we went out on the field and gave our best to help save those who are now playing mother to dogs and cats. Think it over, A. C. S. It is never too late to mend, and we live to learn. R. A. D.

FROM A PHILOSOPHER.

Marriage is the joint stock company which a minister promotes as a side line and a lawyer throws into bankruptcy, with the feminine stockholder as the preferred creditor.

It is a boot which induces a girl to drop a \$100 salary for a \$40 man. This a neckyoke which maketh \$2 to chafe as \$1.

Matrimony is ascribed to soften the brain or heart, or pursue it. Exactly what the least frequent Lord only knoweth, but time will tell when it is too late.

By marriage the optimist expects to get a SILENT partner who feareth not the cook or staying alone at night. The pessimist hopes only to dodge the suffragette when he maketh his choice and to escape with a light alimony.

The benefits of matrimony are many, with the least frequent, for mending broken hearts it is without a rival. Through it a man acquirith a good cook and house-keeper—sometimes. And a woman obtaineth a meat the cook occasionally. And when she doth, although issued for life, she frequently loseth it before it expires.

Marriage resulteth variously—in happiness, trouble, or children. The latter, though the least frequent, seem to be the most dreaded.

Is marriage a failure? The neighbor on thy right had sayeth "Yea, it is hell," and the one on thy left, "Nay, it is heaven," and verily, both are wrong; it is hell.

Courtship is preparation, marriage is desperation, and divorce is rejuvenation.

A REAL REMEDY FOR FALLING HAIR

Keeps Scalp Fresh and Healthy—Prevents Dandruff.

If your hair is falling out badly, or is faded, dry, streaked and scraggly and new hair does not grow, the roots must be immediately vitrified and properly nourished.

To do this quickly, safely and most effectively, get a bottle of Parisian Sage from your druggist and follow the simple directions for home use.

Parisian Sage is guaranteed to quickly banish all dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair and stimulate a new growth, or money refunded. It is in great demand by discriminating women because it makes the hair soft, lustrous, and healthy.

A massage with Parisian Sage is a real delight—easy to use, not sticky, a dainty perfume and a tonic that does not change the hair's natural color.

If you want a clean, healthy scalp, and plenty of thick, good-looking hair start using Parisian Sage now—today. People's Drug Stores will supply you and guarantee money refunded if not satisfactory.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to
MARRIAGE EDITOR,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

NOT DRAGGING HER CHILDREN UP

I have been married five years, and have four lovely, robust children, the pride of my heart, the oldest a little girl four years old, and the youngest a baby two months old.

I don't approve of E. C. G.'s suggestion in regard to having children five years apart. I am not dragging mine up even though they are only one year apart. They are always clean and neat and well-mannered and behaved. I do all my own housework, make all their clothes, have my husband's meals on time, and yet have spare time.

My husband is very good and kind and we are just as much in love with each other as the day we walked to the altar. I never nag him, but make home-life pleasant for him, so marriage is a great success for me.

A HAPPY MOTHER.

BELIEVES SHE DID NOT MARRY FOR LOVE.
Yes—but not to A. C. S. She is not her husband's wife; she is his mistress. When she ceases to satisfy him or he, her, we'll have another divorce case on the D. C. court's calendar.

Extinctly she did not marry for love. She married, probably, to satisfy some personal whim, to have a man pay her bills, but hers only.

Thank heaven, all girls are not like her. I'm sure mine isn't. I believe in birth-control, but not race suicide, as she advocates. Sooner or later A. C. S. will come to her senses and his womanly letters I have been reading in your column ought to strike her somewhere.

PSYCHOLOGIST.

BOOKS

A LITTLE MAID OF OLD MAINE. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

For girls from 12 to 16. The first book of a charming new series for girls. Anne's father called his family the "Sheldon Six," and appointed himself chaperon of the forest after the Maine coast at the time of the revolutionary war. No one can fail to be interested and touched by the courage and patriotism of Anne and Rebecca Weston as they journey through the forest after the powder that was to make possible the conquest of their country's foe.

THE SHELTON SIX—ANNE. By Grace M. Remick. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

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A DAILY RECIPE.

CREOLE SWEET POTATOES.
Scrape the skin from half a dozen large potatoes and cut in halves lengthwise. Lay around in a baking dish and cover with milk. Sprinkle on half a teaspoonful of salt and pour on two in the handfuls of melted butter. Set in the oven to bake, with a close-fitting cover on the dish. When nearly done, put one-half cupful of fine bread crumbs mixed with one beaten egg over the top.

Learn How to Talk

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever

MANY youths and young people of a wide range of years suffer from a lack of conversational ability that is painful and humiliating.

And usually the fundamental difficulty is an over-amount of self-consciousness coupled with a keen and habitual emotion of fear. The victim watches his words, imagines others are listening critically, suffers from secret flushings of fear, loses the thread of his conversation and forgets the very words—that were to clothe the same. Dejection and self-condemnation follow.

First of all sit alone and read aloud for a half hour daily from such writings as those of Emerson and the Psalms of David. This will gradually bring a very noticeable effect of becoming accustomed to the sound of one's own voice, and an increasing ease and facility in the use of the organs of speech, thus starting a cure of the faltering speech.

The second step is to talk aloud for a half hour or more daily to one's self. The new task is to construct the sentences from one's own vocabulary rather than to read them as printed from another's.

We learn to play by playing, to sing by singing, we learn to speak by speaking. Talk, talk, talk—that is the necessary exercise here—hit or miss, blab and blunder, fumble for the words and find them, little away an hour per day, with one near to make you self-conscious in the direction of thought and the choice of words.

One may talk to the birds, the lofty trees, the majestic hills or the eternal stars in the heavens. The simple and significant idea here is to practice uttering in clear and distinct conversational tones, the succession of words with which he would clothe this thought.

Shaving of the whiskers is among Hindus a sign of mourning for the death of a near relative.

What makes it perfect? answered Phoebe. "Is that Neal's to come down and stay with some nice farm people Carlotta's known ever since she was a youngster. Now, don't say I mustn't, Anne."

"I say you must," I laughed. "It's just the thing for all of you. I never knew a friendship of which I more thoroughly approved than yours and Carlotta's. Her courage and strength are wonderful for you, and your sweetness and gentleness are just as good for her."

"I suppose so," replied Phoebe absently-mindedly. "Now may I go 'phone Neal it's all right and then start packing?"

"Run along, baby," I said, rejoicing because Phoebe and Neal were to have their little moments of happiness no matter what pain the future held.

A COMPLIMENT TO NEIL.
"Then the 'phone rang, and when answered, Virginia's voice came over it filled with the good-will to ward life she seems always to express nowadays."

"Anne, dear," she said, "that thoughtful young brother of yours just telephoned for my sanction to

his visiting a farmhouse in the neighborhood while Phoebe spends the next fortnight with Carlotta Sturges. Of course the old dragon guardian had no reason for refusing, but it delighted her that the nice boy paid her the compliment of consulting her."

"Neal is a dear, isn't he?" I asked, Virginia's satisfaction communicating itself to me.

"He is, and a member of a delightful family," laughed Jeanie. "But, Anne, I didn't telephone to rave over the Lees and the Hylands, but to ask Anne of the tribe of Lees to pack up herself and my brother and spend the next fortnight out here at Dreamworld. How about it?"

"Oh, Jeanie!" I cried in delight. "I'd love it! Are you sure you want us—that we won't be interrupting the honeymoon?"

"You'll be adding spice to the love feast," replied Jeanie with a reassuring touch of her old malice. "Don't consult Jim. Just pack him up and put him in the car and let Lyons do the rest. I'll count on you for dinner tomorrow night."

"Count away," I said. "We'll be there to make your 'two plus two equals four' come true. Good-by, dear, and watch me hug you when I get where I can say a god-ol-fashioned thank you."

Then I hung up the receiver and ran into tell Phoebe that she was the only member of the family to go a-holidaying. But in the midst of my first gloat I thought of Val.

I couldn't go off like this and leave her alone with everyone near and dear to her out of town. So I called Virginia back and explained to her, Virginia amiably and lazily told me to include Val—to include the whole town if I had to—but to arrive in time for 7 o'clock dinner tomorrow night.

With a mixture of triumph and regret I hurried to Val's apartment to offer the invitation that made our own holiday decently possible.

Val looked at me steadily for a moment, her long eyes seeming to weigh and consider.

(To Be Continued.)

L ANE COSBY started for the Northwest two days after the

Ned began their trip. By that time Val was up and about and her hands needed only light bandages at night. Poor little Lucy Willoughby, however, did not fare so well. The shock and terror of the accident had unnerved her, and the burn that ran across her left temple and cheek weakened her with pain. The seared flesh hurt, and the lash of terror lest she be disfigured for life made the agony two-fold.

So Aunt Mollie took matters into her own hands, rented a cottage in the clean pine woods for a month and transplanted the twins in a jiffy.

On the very day that Aunt Mollie staged her exodus, Phoebe came set her delicious with joy. Carlotta was going off to the old bungalow belonging to the Sturges family and she had invited Phoebe to come along and share her fortnight's vacation.

What makes it perfect? answered Phoebe. "Is that Neal's to come down and stay with some nice farm people Carlotta's known ever since she was a youngster. Now, don't say I mustn't, Anne."

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(To Be Continued.)

Refrigeration and Meat

In less than an hour after an animal is dispatched in a Swift & Company packing plant, it is hanging up as meat in a room brought by refrigerating machinery to a temperature just above freezing.

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Only for the few minutes while it is being put into the refrigerator cars at our packing plants, or taken out of them at our branch houses, or whisked to your retailer in our trucks, is it exposed to any change of temperature.

Without a skilled use of this system of cooling, made possible by modern science, you could not get fresh meat, prepared under most sanitary conditions, except at greater expense—unless you happened to live so near live stock raising centers that your needs could be supplied from live stock raised near-by.

If the foregoing raises any question in the mind of the reader, we will endeavor to answer it, upon request.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Washington Local Branch, 1101-03-05 First St.
D. T. Dutrow, Manager

Brilliant Colors Dominate the WINTER MODE

Which of the newest frocks, sport togs, wraps and evening gowns will you choose?



FOR evening will you favor chiffon—in brilliant vermillion—which Steinmetz chose for the gown above. Will your wrap be lustrously colorful, embellished with radiant embroidery. Or will you choose some other of the myriad gowns from Paris. And what about skating costume and knockabout suits—and FURS? To be certain that each new item added to your wardrobe will delight you, better see, before you buy a trifling scarf or sumptuous cloak, the authoritative fashion news in

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